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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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A Village Romance.

A place for idle eyes and ears.
A cobwebbed nook of dreams;
Left by the stream whose waves are
years
The stranded village seems.

And there, like other moss and rust,
The native dweller clings,
And keeps, in uninquiring trust,
The old, dull round of things.

The fisher drops his patient lines,
The farmer sows his grain,
Content to hear the murmuring pines
Instead of rail-road train.

Go where, along the tangled steep
That slopes against the west,
The hamlet's buried idlers rest.
In still profounder rest.

Throw back the locust's flowery plume,
The birch's pale-green scarf,
And break the web of briar and bloom
From name and epitaph.

A simple muster-roll of death,
Of pomp and romance shorn,
The dry, old names that common breath
Has cheapened and outworn.

Yet pause by one low mound, and part
The wild vines o'er it laced,
And read the words by rustic art
Upon its headstone traced.

Haply you white-haired villager
Of fourscore years can say
What means the noble name of her
Who sleeps with common lay.

An exile from the Gascon land
Found refuge here and rest,
And loved, of all the village band,
Its fairest and its best.

He knelt with her on Sabbath morn,
He worshipped through her eyes,
And on the pride that doubts and scorns
Stole in her faith's surprise.

Her simple daily life he saw
By homeliest duties tried,
In all things by an untaught law
Of fitness justified.

For her his rank aside he laid;
He took the hue and tone
Of lowly life and toil, and made
Her simple ways his own.

Yet still in gay and careless ease,
To harvest-field or dance
He brought the gentle courtesies,
The nameless grace of France.

And she who taught him love not less
From him she loved in turn,
Caught in her sweet unconsciousness
What love is quick to learn.

Each grew to each in pleased accord,
Nor knew the gazing town
If she looked upward to her lord
Or he to her looked down.

How sweet, when summer's day was o'er,
The walk on pleasant Newbury's shore,
The river's moonlit sail!

Ah! life is brief, though love be long.
The altar and the hier,
The burial hymns and bridal song,
Were both in one short year.

Her rest is quiet on the hill.
Beneath the locust's bloom:
Far off her lover sleeps as still
Within his scoutenched tomb.

The Gascon lord, the village maid,
In death still clasp their hands;
The love that levels rank and grade
Unites their severed lands.

What matter whose the hillside grave,
Or whose the blazoned stone?
Forever to her western wave
Shall whisper blue Garonne!

O Love!—so hallowing every soil
That gives thy flower room,
Wherever, nursed by ease or toil,
The human heart takes bloom!

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

THE DUPLICATE

He bound me with great oaths
before he led me to his laboratory.
It was a long, low room, paneled
with aged oak and crowded with
strange instruments. It had five
narrow windows along one side and
a door at the far end. The walls
were covered with shelves, and the
shelves were covered with brains, or
things that looked like brains. They
were harder to the touch and coated
with transparent varnish to preserve
them.

One of the brains stood by itself
on a tripod, in front of a chair like
a dentist's chair. Two wires were
fitted to the tripod. They ended in
a sort of india-rubber skull-cap.
"That," he said, "is the duplicate."

I looked down curiously upon the
model. It was the replica of a
young girl's brain, if he had told
me truly, and recorded every im-
pression of her life, as the cylinder
of a phonograph records the voice
that speaks to it. The tripod and
the wires and the cap reproduced
the impressions on the duplicate in
such a form that another mind
could read them off.

"Do you mean to tell me," I said
incredulously, "that by means of
his instrument I can perceive
everything she knows, or feels, or
does in her life?"

"You can live her life—be her
for the time being. You won't
know at the moment that you are
studying her, or that there is such
a person as yourself; but you'll
remember afterwards. Sit down." I
sat down. "Now I'll put on the
cap." He put it on my head.

He was standing beside me, hold-
ing the cap, when I found my own
life again. I drew a deep breath
and looked at myself to see that I
was myself. Then I looked at him,
and he laughed, showing his teeth
like a savage animal. If I used a
single word to describe him it
would be "inhuman"; a brute
creature with intelligence—super-
human intelligence—that a brute
should not have. I did not know
his name, and do not know it now.
I was a hunted man, and he had
accosted me in a cafe and offered
me an asylum. I am ignorant how
he knew me or my straits. He had
sources of knowledge which I never
have been able to understand.

"Well," he asked with his snarl-
ing grin, "what have you been do-
ing?"

I drew another deep breath.
I have been walking through
lunes and fields. I was a child; a
young girl of fifteen; and I sang
... I had big, dark eyes, and
long hair down my back. I ad-
mired myself in a clear pool, and
wondered if a boy who passed ad-
mired me. I chased a butterfly
across a meadow, and put a fallen
fledgling back in its nest; kissed its
downy feathers. I wondered what
was behind the sky, and what the
lark saw when he soared up in it.
I felt a prayer—I! I buried my
face in my hands.

"You can feel prayers whenever
you put on the cap," he assured
me, chuckling softly. "So long as
she felt prayers. They change as
they grow, these pretty creatures!"
He laughed cunningly. "I had an-
other duplicate once." He jerked
his finger towards a shelf. "She's
forgotten her prayers, and changed
to a—well, you can't be her now;
and you wouldn't want to be."
I shuddered.

"And the rest?" I inquired.
"The other brains? Aren't they
duplicates?"

"They're multiplicate; the coun-
terparts, not of one life, but of
many. Common brains aren't differ-
ent for each individual. There
are two or three hundred types.
I have made about one hundred
and seventy of the them. Each
corresponds to thousands of in-
dividuals, and records thousands of
lives. So you can't pick out any
individual to study. If you try to,
you get an overpowering whirl of
sensation, which knocks you out
for days afterwards."

"What's the use of them, if you
can't study them?"

He sat down in a chair and leaned
towards me.

"I don't want to study them. I
want them to study me; to re-
produce me in their thousand of
lives. Don't you see?" He griped
me excitedly by the arm.

"Suppose I could reproduce your
thoughts in this child's mind, as I
can reproduce hers in yours?"

"Heaven forbid!" I ejaculated.

He threw back his head and
screamed with merriment.

"There is no immediate danger,"
he consoled me. "I can't do it—at
present. But"—he gripped my arm
furiously—"I shall be able to some
day. We shan't waste our time on
her then—on a foolish little girl
whose life is no use to us. We
shall put our wishes into these
thousands of stupid minds. We
shall make them live their thou-
sands of stupid lives at our will.
We shall govern the world, you and
I—govern the world!"

"Govern the world?" I wiped my
forehead slowly. "It needs a
strong man to govern the world—
and a good."

"Exactly," he agreed drily.

"A strong man, and a good man.
I am strong, and you are good.
I suppose it never occurred to
you that you were, did it? The
world doesn't thin so! Some of the
amiable thousands who haven't a
mind of their own are hunting you
down as a pest to society, aren't
they? You're not any too good,
but you're good enough for my
purpose. You have the germs of a
moral sense. You wouldn't hurt
the foolish duplicate, for example?"

"No," I said, "I wouldn't. If
you call that a moral sense, you're
easily satisfied. Why do you want
a moral sense?"

"Because I can't govern the world
without it. Society is bound to-
gether by the cement of morality.
It would fall to pieces if it repro-
duced me too exactly. I want you

to supply enough 'cement' to hold
it together. It won't be too moral
a world under your rule!" He
chuckled again.

"No it wouldn't," I rose. "But
I'm a little better than you think.
I don't want to model the world
upon myself."

"Pshaw! What has the world
done for you? What is it going to
do for you if you refuse my offer?"

I sat down again and frowned.

After all, the world was my enemy;
and, as he said, it was hunting me
down.

"What would you do for me?"
I asked. "And what do you want
me to do."

"And I want you to stop with me
and assist me for three years. I
will feed you, clothe you, and teach
you."

"And pay me?" I suggested.

"You won't need me to pay you.
You can take what payment you
choose from the millions whom we
shall rule. You can make them
give you half the riches of the
earth if you please. I don't want
any. I want power. Power!" He
raised his voice to a scream. "They
can pay you!"

"The world owes me something,"
I said grimly. "I'll make it pay.
I accept your terms, on one
condition."

He gave an interrogative nod
sideways towards the duplicate.

"Yes," I assented, "that is the
condition. You're not to rule her."

He considered with his chin in
his hand.

"We must make her do things,"
he said, "to test my discoveries.
We've no other way of testing them.
But we needn't tell her to do any-
thing 'wrong'." He sneered at the
word. "You can put your mind
into her, and make her as good as—
yourself." He sneered again.

"Will that satisfy you?"

It did not satisfy me; but I knew
that even my thoughts would be
better for her than his, and I saw
no other way of saving her from
him. So I stayed.

I entered upon my servitude at
once, and did not leave his house
for over two years. It ceased to be
servitude after a few days, for the
fire of knowledge caught me, and
my work became a pleasure. He
was unspeakably clever and I was
not a fool, and he taught me very
patiently. I worked 14 hours a
day at chemistry and physiology,
and at sciences which have no name,
and have died with him. I learnt
every little convolution of the brain,
and how to make the models that
he fashioned out of wax and the
marrow of animals, by a process
very expert in this, and made hun-
dreds of models. I hoped that I
might hit upon duplicate to take
the place of the little girl, in his
experiments, but most of my crea-
tions failed to correspond exactly
to any living minds; and each of
the rest (about 60) corresponded
equally well to many. My nearest
approach to success was a model
which counterparted the brain of
only five persons. We could dis-
entangle portions of their separate
lives occasionally (one was a
cabinet minister and another a
shoemaker!) but usually their
thoughts and feelings and actions
were confused together. So "Mol-
ly" (that was her name) remained
our only "duplicate;" and when we
wished to study the reproduction of
mind in mind, we had to reproduce
her life in ours.

This part of our work fell to me.
My nameless master disliked Molly
and her life, and was very averse
from reproducing it in himself.
I do not know that I liked her in-
nocent life but I liked her.

She lived with her parents at
Ruslington, and went to the high
school there. She was a favorite
with the girls, a favorite with the
mistress, a favorite with everybody.
She was pretty at first. She grew
prettier and prettier, and just a
trifle vain. She had passing liking
for various boys and a preposterous
admiration for a conceited curate.
If my mind ever put a thought in-
to hers, it would turn the curate out
I decided. There was nothing else
that I could wish to alter in her.
She was merry and kind and in-
nocent and loyal. There was
never, I am sure, a living duplicate
of her anywhere.

Her life preached to me whenever
I remembered it and I never could

help remembering it. She and my
hard work made a man of me. I
should have run away from my
master and his impious object; but
I feared him a great deal, and I
feared leaving her at his mercy still
more. He told me that I could not
destroy the duplicate without
torturing and killing her. I think
this was a lie; but I believed it then.
So I stayed with him. We worked
—worked—always worked. I lived
in the labor-tory, and slept in
the little room through the door
at the end.

Two years and a few months
passed, and he seemed no nearer to
the discovery of the means by
which we were to rule the earth;
and then he hit upon it. It was 6
o'clock in the evening. I was add-
ing a medulla oblongata to a model
brain, to see if this would give it
more responsiveness. He was sit-
ting at a side table, experimenting
with fizzing acids upon a new sub-
stance he had made to embody the
properties of organic tissues in the
inorganic form of metal. He called
it cerebrite. Suddenly he gave a
shout.

"I've done it!" he cried. "I've
done it! Look!"

I dropped my model and sprang
to my feet. He had a number of
little oblong pieces of cerebrite,
standing on end in a shallow tray
containing an acid unknown to
science. He held a similar piece of
cerebrite in small insulated tongs
connected with a complex arrange-
ment of batteries and coils. He
moved the piece of cerebrite in the
tongs slowly, and the pieces in the
tray moved in exact correspond-
ence. They followed the piece in
the tongs, when he moved them as
far as the connecting wires would
allow, and hung in the air without
support. They fell on the floor
when he disconnected the tongs
from the apparatus.

He laughed almost hysterically
and staggered to the sideboard and
took a glass of wine, and gave me
one.

"To the rulers of the world!"
he said. "The rulers of the world!"

I felt hysterical too. It was a
great thing, I thought, to rule the
world; and I forgot my scruples.

"Are you sure?" I asked eagerly.

"Quite sure?"

"We will test it," he said.

"Fetch the duplicate." I kept it
in my room. My exhilaration
vanished, and I drew back from
him. I was going to refuse; but he
looked at me. There was more
than words could threaten in his
eyes. I am not an easy man to
move by threats; but I thought that
if he killed me, she would be utter-
ly at his mercy. I rose slowly and
brought the ugly vanished little
brain so full of sweet thoughts.

"I will make a drop of her hand-
kerchief," I proposed, "or—sing
something."

"Don't be a fool!" He tried to
push me aside. "You can't talk to
her as if she were a photograph, or
make her do fool's tricks. She'll
just think what you think, that's all.
You'll only make a muddle of it.
I'll deal with her."

"No!" I stood between him and
the tripod. He stared at me, and
his eyes seemed to push me back-
wards.

"Imbecile!" he snapped. "As
if she matters, when there's the
whole world. Well, I won't hurt
her. You know I keep my word.
You shall duplicate her and see.
You had better. Sit down."

I sat down, and he put the cap
on me.

He laughed at me when I came
to. I clenched my hands, and he
laughed again.

"What is she thinking of?" he
asked.

"Then I'll tell you. She's think-
ing of you!"

When I found her, she was trying
to picture the man she would like to
marry. She's turned 17, you know,
and they do think of such things.
I thought of you. She'll know
you when she meets you, and fall
into your arms. Aren't you going
to thank me?" I leaned forward
towards him over the tripod.

"Interfere again between her and
me," I said, "and I'll kill you. I
mean it."

He nodded calmly.

"So I perceive. It would be in-
convenient to me to be killed just at
present. So I'll make you a pre-

sent of our precious duplicate. I
can spare one silly little girl. I've
the world to govern."

He began the next morning.

We had now 232 brain multiples.
He arranged them on the bed and
tables of my room, which I resigned
to him, and connected them by wires
with an apparatus of the nature of
which I will give no hint. It was
connected with two discs of cere-
brite, which he fastened at the side
of his head, and through which, in
some way which I do not clearly un-
derstand, his mind conveyed its
commands. In one or two instances
he unconsciously betrayed his
thoughts by acting them out. I
only knew the rest afterwards.

On the first morning he shouted
a verse of the "Marseillaise" as he
sat at the instrument. In a few
minutes people were shouting it as
they passed in the street. The few
who were silent (our collection of
multiplicates did not include quite
all the types of brain) looked
aghast at the rest. In the after-
noon he raised one hand aloft; and
the people in the street walked by
holding up their hands. The only
evening paper published said that
an epidemic of madness, or dia-
bolical possession, had broken out.
It was a scantily printed half sheet,
as only a few of the staff had escap-
ed the horror.

I remonstrated with him upon the
degrading and purposeless form
which his commands took; but he
said that these trifling experiments
were necessary, and the time for
the cement of my morality had not
come yet. He detected the inclina-
tion in my mind to restrain him
forcibly, and warned me that I did
not know how to preserve the dupli-
cate from decay, and that, if he
chose, she would die slowly and in
tortures. Also he kept a revolver
in his hand.

Nevertheless, I think I should
have tried to kill him if I had
known the horrors he was working;
how he preached anarchy and
men practised it; how howling mobs
pillaged and slew all over the world;
how the police who were sent to dis-
perse the mobs joined them, and the
soldiers who were called out
turned their arms against the in-
nocent; how rulers were slain, and
law ceased, and chaos reigned.

You may think that I ought to have
gone out to see what was going on,
and have warned people; but I
knew that they were completely
under his influence and would not
believe me; and I thought that by
staying with him I should have an
opportunity of undoing some of
whatever harm he had ordered. I
did not dream that it would be such
terrible harm as it was. He had
taken away my tripod, and I could
not even see what was happening
to her, though I kept the duplicate
always. I sat in the corner of the
long rooms, farthest from him,
guarding it.

Two days passed, and the world
was a shambles, though I did not
know. Then he grew tired. He
had scarcely eaten, and never slept.
He told me to go to the instrument
and preach to the world while he
rested.

"I think I've rendered them in-
capable of imbibing too much of
your morality," he said grimly;
"but you can. Anyway, make
them orderly enough to be govern-
ed. You won't have any trouble
with them. They're too frightened
to be disobedient—we'll have law
and order—law and—" He fell
asleep in the middle of the phrase.

I put the duplicate back on its
tripod, and found out a little of
what had happened by living a frag-
ment of her life with her. She was
with her parents, and a few other
who were not among those whose
minds were reproduced in our
models, and who had escaped the
mob. They were hiding in a dark
barn. She was terrified, but she
was braver than the rest, and she
prayed aloud to them. My own
lips were moving in prayer when I
came back to myself. He was
sleeping on the floor in the long
room. A yelling mob was in the
street. It brandished choppers and
knives and swords. Some of them
were red.

I went to the instrument, mean-
ing to put the prayer from my mind
into theirs, but the prayer slipped
from me and left a furious desire to
be revenged on him. I must
have put that into their thoughts,

for they began to break in at the
door of the house, shrieking with
the lust of blood. In despair I
connected the duplicate with the
apparatus, hoping that it might re-
peat her prayer to them; but the
model would not take effect upon
the apparatus.

I found the rabble crowding up the
stairs, and I had only just time to
look and bar the door of my own
room before they broke into the
long room. I could hear them
smashing the instruments and the
furniture. I heard shrieks, and
thought they fell upon him as he
lay upon the floor, and tore him to
pieces. Then they hammered at
the door of my room till it began to
shake. I tried to govern them
through the apparatus; but the
thoughts that I wanted to impress
upon them would not shape them-
selves.

If only I could think her thoughts,
I cried aloud; and suddenly an idea
came to me. I hastily connected
myself with the duplicate; and in
a moment I was a girl with unpraised
arms and loose hair, and the tears
streaming down my face, praying
to a wild-faced, blood-stained, mad-
dened mob.

"Pray to God," I cried, "and He
will deliver you! Pray to God!"

And the mob fell upon their knees
and prayed; and then there was a
great crash and a wilderness of light.
I remember no more till I found
myself lying among the ruins of my
room.

The apparatus was broken, and
multiplicates were shapeless, and
the duplicate was shattered in pieces
upon the floor. The door was
broken in, but the mob had gone.

They were passing away down
the street, with their hands
to their eyes. There was no trace
of him who had been my master,
not even a fragment of the clothing
that he had worn.

So the evil went, and no one but
I knows how it went; only that the
ashamed world found itself sobbing
and kneeling in prayer, and hum-
ble in the face of a mystery that
none could understand. Who are
we to understand the way of God?

I gathered the fragments of the
duplicate together and put them in
a little bag, and carried them with
me when I went back into the world.

I resolved that a memory of her
white life should live in me; and
that, if ever I grew good enough,
I would go to be. I never grew good
like her, so did not go. For I knew
the thought of me that he—and I
think he was the evil one—had put
in her mind would remain, and
that if she saw me she must love
me; and I knew that my life could
never be worthy of hers. She
would marry the curate, I used to
tell myself, and dig my nails into
my hands.

And then one day I met her. It
was miles away from her home and
mine, and we were walking down a
country lane. I stopped, and she
stopped, and we looked at one an-
other foolishly. Her color came and
went, and her breath; and then I
took her hand.

"You have dreamed of me," I
said, "little lady, and I have
dreamed of you. And now we
must dream together."

It did not occur to us till after-
wards how strange this was. For
she dreamed of me; and the dreams
went back before the time when he
put the look of me into her head.
She had felt long before that some-
one was dreaming of her, she said;
someone who was good and strong
and kind; and she felt this first one
day when she was 15 and wandered
through some fields, and sang. So
I married her; and because she
thinks so of me, I am better than I
have been.

That is the end of my curious
story. You who have read it will
think it is only a writer's foolish
fancy; but I who have written it
know that it is more. For the
thoughts of a strong man go out into
the world and govern it; and the
best thoughts in a man's mind are
put there by a woman.—*Queen Oli-
ver in Detroit News-Tribune.*

It takes 100 pounds of horse-chest-
nuts to yield 6 pounds of oil.

There are 50,000 acres under
cocoanut palms in Ceylon.

A Blind Spot in the Eyes.

An interesting experiment to
prove the presence of the blind spot
in a person's eye may be perform-
ed without difficulty.

Draw a circular figure about
half an inch in diameter and color
it black. At a distance of about
three inches from the center of this
figure draw a small star.

Hold the figures so that the star
is directly in front of one, while the
circle is in front of the other. If
the star is held in front of the left
eye, close the right eye, and look
steadily at the star, moving the
paper until a point is reached
where the circle disappears.

To find the blind spot in the
other eye turn the paper upside
down and close the other eye. The
presence of the blind spot does not
indicate diseased eyes. It simply
marks the point where the optical
nerve enters the eye-ball, which
point is, therefore, not provided
with the necessary visual end
organs of sight, known as rods and
cones.

The presence of the yellow spot,
with its small central shadowy dot
or point of most intense vision,
may be demonstrated as follows:
Close the eyes for a few seconds,
and then look through a flat-sided
bottle of chrome alum solution at a
brightly lighted surface or the clear
sky.

In the blue green solution a rose
colored spot will be seen, which
corresponds to the yellow spot.
The light that comes through the
chrome alum solution is chiefly a
mixture of red, green, and blue.

The pigment of the yellow spot
absorbs a portion of the blue and
the green and transmits the rest, as a
rose colored mixture, to the visual
organs behind the spot.

Color blindness or the inability to
distinguish certain colors, is by no
means rare. Incomplete color
blindness is when a person cannot
distinguish one of the funda-
mental colors, red, green or violet.

If a person is told to select colors
resembling violet, he will, if red
blind, usually select blues as well
as violets. If he is green blind, he
will select green or gray, with possi-
bly some blues and violets of the
brightest shades. Violet blindness
is rare.

To a red blind person the Ameri-
can flag appears to have green and
white stripes, while the white stars
appear on a violet field. To a
green blind person the stripes have
the proper colors, but the field for
the stars is red violet. To a blind
person the stripes are normal, but
the stars appear to be set in a dark
brownish gray field. To a person
who is totally color blind the blue
of the flag appears a bright yellow-
ish brown, while the red stripes
seem to be a darker brown.—*Ec.*

Not Visible.

A colored man in the north was
allowed to use a piece of land on
the condition that the owner should
receive one-fourth of the crop.

When the crop was ripe the col-
ored man hauled three loads to his
house and none to that of the owner
of the ground. A few days later
the colored man and the owner of
the ground met.

"I see you have your share of
the crop," said the owner of the
ground, "Now, where's mine?"

"You ain't got no share," was
the reply.

"What?" exclaimed the owner.

"Why wasn't I to have one-fourth
of the crop?"

"Yes, sah," said the colored man,
"but dey wa'n't no fourth. Dere
wa'n't but jes' my three loads."

Service for Deaf-Mutes.

MAY 1907.

NEW YORK, MAY 9, 1907.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1634 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

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CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,

Station M, New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:
Wherever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-ubiquitous sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

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ACCORDING to the Minnesota Companion, the Compulsory Education bill, brought before the Legislature of Minnesota by the State Association of the Deaf, has been passed by both House and Senate, and only awaits the Governor's signature to become law, and no body doubts but the Chief Executive of the State will sign it. Previous to the vote by the House, "Ichabod Crane," whose humor and philosophy have set the deaf from Maine to California speculating as to his identity, got off the subjoined:—

"What the deaf needs more than anything else is a law to compel them to buckle down and study while they are at school. Too many of them doesn't wake up to the value of a good education until they quit school for good, and then it is too late to get it. Then these persons go around grumblin' and cussin' the world for givin' them the throw down, when it is their own fault. I hopes that compulsory law will pass, because parents who will rob a deaf child of an education very well deserves to be compelled pretty hard. They is worse than the man what gives his little boy a penny one night and when the little boy chap was in bed and asleep, he went up and took the penny out of his pants pocket, and in the morning give him a lickin' for losin' it."

By request of a prominent member of the National Association of the Deaf, who wishes the full text of the Constitution relative to the Executive Committee, we print it below. It was adopted at the Convention held in St. Paul, Minn., in July, 1899, and may be found in the Report of the Proceedings of that Convention:—

ARTICLE V.—NATIONAL EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

Sec. 1. The National Executive Committee shall consist of the Board of Officers and one member from each State and Territory represented on the roll of membership of this Association, except those represented by the officers. The officers of the Association shall be the officers of the Executive Committee.

Sec. 2. The President elected at each national convention of the Association shall have the power to appoint the members of the National Executive Committee and announce same before adjournment sine die.

Sec. 3. The National Executive Committee shall have general conduct of the affairs of the Association from the time of its appointment until the appointment of its successor. It shall aim to carry out the expressed will of the Association as far as circumstances may render it wise and allowable. It shall have power to appropriate any available funds of the Association for purposes tending to promote its welfare. It shall turn over to its successor all papers, documents, etc., it may have, belonging to the Association.

ARTICLE VI.—NATIONAL CONVENTIONS.

Sec. 1. The Association shall meet in national convention three years after the adjournment of each convention, unless circumstances call for an earlier meeting or postponement, as the Executive Committee by a two-thirds vote may decide.

Sec. 2. The place of holding each succeeding National Convention shall be decided by the Executive Committee and announced at least three months in advance.

Sec. 3. The President shall then issue an official call for such convention.

ARTICLE VII.

The Constitution and By-Laws go into effect on the day on which they are adopted.

ARTICLE VIII.—AMENDMENTS.

A motion to amend the Constitution or By-Laws of this Association must be submitted in writing to the President, and published by him in the leading newspapers for the deaf for at least thirty days before the meeting of the Association in National Convention, and then such amendment shall require a two-thirds vote, a quorum voting, for its adoption.

THE New York dailies announce the death of John I. Platt, of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., on Monday, May 6th, after an illness of only two days.

His death was sudden and un-

expected, the cause being pneumonia.

Mr. Platt was born in Poughkeepsie, on June 29th, 1839. He was a member of the State Assembly from 1886 to 1888, but apart from this connection with the legislature, he had for a half a century been a very prominent and influential citizen.

He was one of the owners of the Poughkeepsie Eagle, and thirty-five years its editor. He was postmaster of the City of Poughkeepsie from 1891 to 1895, and was also President of the Board of Trade and of the Young Men's Christian Association.

For a great many years Mr. Platt was actively interested in the welfare of deaf-mutes. He was chairman of the Executive Committee of the Gallaudet Home, a regular attendant and valuable worker at the meetings of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes, which are held quarterly in New York City. His visits to the Home for the Deaf were prolific of suggestion, and nearly every improvement during recent years, both in buildings and management, were the product of his fertile mind. He will be much missed by the Home Trustees, and his death has left a vacancy therein that will be very hard to fill.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President, G. W. VEDITZ, Mo.
Secretary, Jas. H. CLOUD, Mo.
Treasurer, N. P. MORROW, Ind.

Vice-Presidents,
D. W. GEORGE, Ill. Mrs. J. W. BARRETT, Ia.
O. J. WHILDEN, Md. J. P. DONNELLY, N. Y.

CALL FOR THE EIGHTH CONVENTION.

At the Seventh Convention of the National Association of the Deaf, held at St. Louis, Mo., during August, 1904, an invitation was extended by Mr. Wm. C. Ritter, President of the Virginia Association of the Deaf to hold the next convention of the Association at Norfolk, Va., during the Jamestown Ter-Centennial Exposition, soon to be opened.

The Executive Committee of the Association, by a practically unanimous vote, decided to accept the invitation thus extended, and by a vote, also practically unanimous, fixed upon July 4th, 5th, and 6th, 1907, Thursday Friday and Saturday, respectively, as the date of the convention.

Therefore, as President of the National Association of the Deaf, I hereby announce that its Eighth Convention will be held at Norfolk, Va., beginning at 9 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, July 4th, 1907, and that its sessions will be held until adjournment sine die, Saturday, July 6th, following.

This convention will accordingly be held at one of the most historical and sacred spots of our national domain. It will be held within sight of the birthplace of our nation, and of the scene of some of the most epoch-making events of all history. It will be the first convention of the association to be held in the South, and will meet within a State whose people have ever been distinguished for their large-hearted hospitality.

The deaf of our country, from south and north, from east and west, and the deaf of foreign lands, who may come to our shores, and all of whom can claim brotherhood with us by the bond of one common language, are therefore cordially invited to attend this convention and assist in its deliberations, and to join in the social pleasures that will be provided for their entertainment.

The business and social program of the Convention will shortly be announced. Inquiries as to hotel and other accommodations should be addressed to Mr. Wm. C. Ritter, Hampton, Va., Chairman of the Local Committee.

G. W. VEDITZ,
President National Association of the Deaf.

COLORADO SPRINGS,
April 2, 1907.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF.

Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 1829 W. Ontario Street.

SUNDAY SERVICES.

Sermon and Holy Communion—
First Sunday of the month, 2:30 P.M.

Evening Prayer and Sermon—
Other Sundays, 2:30 P.M.

Bible Class, 3:45 P.M.

WEEK-DAY MEETINGS.
Clerc Literary Association—
Every Thursday, 8 P.M.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

Presentation Day at the College.

DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE PRESENT.

Base Ball and Sundry Notes.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

GALLAUDET COLLEGE, May 6, 1907.—The Presentation Day exercises last Wednesday afternoon were well attended by outsiders, despite clouded skies and intermittent showers. It was the first time that a Presentation Day afternoon at Gallaudet has not been favored with fair weather.

Among the visitors were Mr. Brice, the British Ambassador, and Mrs. Brice, Hon. James R. Garfield, President Buel, of Georgetown, President Needham, of George Washington, Mr. Justice Brewer, John W. Foster, John B. Wright, President R. S. Woodward, of the Carnegie Institute, Charles S. Bradley, Principal Currier, of the New York Institution, Principal Ely, of the Maryland School, Principal Bledsoe, of the Baltimore School, Theodore W. Noyes and Crosby S. Noyes.

Hon. James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior, was the principal speaker. His words were interpreted in the sign language. This gave rise to a somewhat humorous state of affair which was rather embarrassing to Dr. Gallaudet. In his address Dr. Gallaudet had eulogized the father of Secretary Garfield, who was a staunch supporter of the college, both while a member of Congress and as President of the country, and the Secretary in the course of his speech paid a glowing tribute to Dr. Gallaudet, which the president was forced to interpret in the sign language.

Miss Susie Dickson, the Valedictorian of the class, elicited complimentary newspaper comments on the cleverness of her oration, and the oration of J. H. MacFarlane also impressed the audience with its depth and wide scope.

The Order of Exercises was:—

Invocation, Rev. George F. Flick
Oration, "The Kansas Prairie,"
 Iona Anne Tade, Kansas
Dissertation, "New Fields of Employment for the Alumni of Gallaudet College," Robert E. Binkley, Indiana
Oration, "The Culinary Art,"
 Susie Dickson, State of Washington
Oration, "The Influence of Ideals,"
 John Harvie McFarlane, Minnesota

Presentation of Candidates for Degrees.

Addresses—Mr. James Denison, Principal of the Kendall School; President Gallaudet, Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, Ex-President of Johns Hopkins University; Hon. James R. Garfield, Secretary of the Interior.

Benediction, Rev. John W. Chickering

CANDIDATES FOR DEGREES

For the Degree of Master of Arts—
(Normal fellows) Andrew Olaus B. Moldrem, B.A., St. Olaf College, Minnesota; Botolf Jacob Rotnem, B.S., St. Olaf College, Minnesota; Alice May Teegarden, B.A., Harrisville College, Pennsylvania; Virginia Louise Thomason, B.A., Winthrop College, South Carolina.

For the Degree of Bachelor of Arts—Robert Earl Binkley, Susie Dickson, George Henry Faupel, Frank Clark Horton, John Harvie McFarlane, Iona Anne Tade, May Thornton.

For the Degree of Bachelor of Philosophy—Warren James Hovestick, Alvah Musick Rasnick.

The reception committee was composed of all the young men of the Junior Class with O. W. Underhill as Marshall.

The occasion was also the golden jubilee of the services of Dr. Gallaudet and Mr. Dennison on Kendall Green.

After the exercises, Miss Katharine Gallaudet, assisted by Mrs. Dennison Gallaudet and Mrs. Clason, gave a reception to the Faculty and their friends, the graduating class and the reception committee, at the home of the President.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward A. Fay, left immediately after the reception for a five months' vacation in Europe. They will first visit Italy. Miss Helen Fay and Miss Elizabeth Peet are to join them at Genoa after the close of college, the party plan to visit France, Switzerland and England, and to return in the Fall in time for the opening of college.

The Class Day Exercises were held in the chapel, because of the threatening weather and the dampness of the lawn. This change, however, did not detract from the enjoyment of the occasion.

Miss Iona Tade, as Class Prophet, and Mr. Warren J. Hovestick, as Class Historian, each had some remarks to make which went home to tender spots, and as usual these two features of the exercises were the main attractions.

At the invitation of Frank C. Horton, President of the class, Dr.

Gallaudet gave an address in which he dwelt mainly on the decision already made to raise the standard of the college studies in the autumn of 1908. The President said he had no fear that the move would cut down the size of the student body, and expressed the conviction that the college would endure as long as it received adequate support from the government and as long as there were intelligent deaf-persons in the country, as there always will be, he asserts, until science can relieve our common handicap. The exercises were closed with the class poem, written by J. H. MacFarlane and given in the sign-language by Miss May Thornton.

The graduating class served sherbet and cake to their friends after the exercises.

The gymnasium was most beautifully decorated for the Hop, which came off Friday night. The cool weather was welcome, and the size of the crowd, which was below the average, eliminated the too common overcrowding of the floor, making the affair the more enjoyable.

The floor was in excellent condition. Twenty regular dances and ten extras proved quite enough for the crowd.

John G. Escherich, ex-'07, that gridiron hero of Gallaudet's best days, came to see his former classmates graduate and to visit friends in the college and city. He is slowly recovering that robust health that was once his.

C. A. Malloch, '08, official photographer of the student body, is one of the busiest men on the Green at present.

Lindean Bull, '10, is suffering from a mild attack of malaria.

Clinton "Jones," '10, left for his home in Minneapolis Monday, because of the illness of his father.

Gallaudet defeated Business High School, Monday evening, in a fast 7-inning game, Dillon twirling in good form.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	R	H	E
Gallaudet	1	1	0	1	0	x	5	8	3	
B. H. S.	2	1	0	0	0	0	3	3	6	

Earned Runs—B. H. S. 2. Left on bases—Gallaudet 7, B. H. S. 4. First base on balls—Off Powell 3, Dillon 2. Struck out—By Dillon 7, Powell 4. Three-base hits—Cooper. Two-base hits—Jell. Sacrifice hits—Hubbard. Stolen bases—Donnelly (3), Davis, Hoyer (3), Cooper, Harper, Fredeen. Double plays—Donnelly—Davis (unassisted). Hit by pitcher—By Powell 2, Dillon 2. Passed balls—Monroe 1. Umpire—Mr. Holliday.

In the fastest and cleanest game of ball seen on the Green in many a day. Gallaudet, Saturday afternoon, shut out the Catholic University of America team, by the score of 3 to 0. Dillon was in the best form he has shown since his illness last year. He held the visitors down to three scattered hits, gave two passes to first and fanned eleven men. Had Morris been able to hold his curves the number of strike-outs would have been fourteen.

Comiskey went to third in the first inning, when Hoyer threw his grounder over third, but was caught trying to steal home on a grounder to Dillon. Spicer opened the third inning with a two bagger, but was held on second, Dillon fanning two of the three men who faced him.

From then on only four men reached first and none of them could get to second, so closely did Dillon watch the initial bag.

Gallaudet fared little better except in the fifth, when they bunched three hits on Merva.

Cooper took third in the second, when Merva shot his bunt over first base, and came home on O'Donnell's sacrifice.

Gallaudet could do nothing until the fifth. O'Donnell was hit by a pitched ball and Dillon singled. Sharp forced O'Donnell at third, but Davis singled, filled the bases, Morris brought Dillon and Sharp home with a pretty double, clinching the game.

Davis was caught at the plate on a quick return of Hoyer's grounder to short, making the third out.

In the sixth, Bell reached first on a clean hit, but was left there.

In the next inning, Sharp suffered the same fate after drawing a pass.

The support given the two pitchers was of the best, the visiting outfielders making out good on some hard chances, and Cooper playing a fast game at short for Gallaudet.

Frank Holliday, who yearned to break into the big leagues as a twirler, now has a chance to get there as an umpire.

GALLAUDET	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Morris, 1b	4	0	0	12	4	0
Hoyer, 2b	4	0	0	0	1	2
Harper, cf	4	0	0	1	0	0
Cooper, ss	4	1	1	5	3	0
Bell, 3b	3	0	1	1	0	0
Merva, p	3	0	0	0	1	2
O'Donnell, 1b	1	0	0	0	3	0
Dillon, p	3	1	0	0	3	0
Sharp, 1f	2	1	0	0	0	0
Davis, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	28	3	5	27	13	2

CATHOLIC UNIV.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Ramus, rf	4	0	0	2	0	1
Comiskey, ss	3	0	0	2	4	0
Tomasel, cf	4	0	1	2	0	0
Burke, 1b	3	0	0	9	1	0
Canale, 2b	3	0	0	0	3	0
L. Spicer, 3b	3	0	1	0	1	1
B. Spicer, c	3	0	1	7	1	0
Maher, 1f	3	0	0	2	1	1
Totals	28	0	3	24	13	4

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
GALLAUDET	0	1	0	0	2	0	0	x	3
CATH. UNIV.	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Left on bases—Gallaudet 4, Catholic Univ. 8. First base on balls—Off Dillon 2. Struck out—By Dillon 11, Merve 6. Two base hits—Morris and Spicer. Sacrifice hits—O'Donnell. Stolen bases—Cooper and Hoyer. Hit by pitcher—By Merva 1. Umpire—Mr. Holliday. Time of Game 1 hour and 10 minutes. Attendance—1,065.

T. S. WILLIAMS, '08.

The Point of Law.

EDITOR DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL:—We are much obliged to the editor of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL for taking up the cudgels in our defense against the disgruntled remarks of Mr. Wm. Wade, of Oakmont, Pa., to whom our legal victory seems to be a bitter pill. The editor's calm refutation presents such a sharp contrast to Mr. Wade's vehement, scolding tone; for abuse makes error a fault and truth discounters.

There are, however, so many misstatements in Mr. Wade's letter, that none but those who were in court and took an active part in the proceedings could refute without fear of contradiction, and as one of these, I shall undertake to show up our carping critic's errors both of fact and judgment.

Mr. Wade says he protests in the interests of the deaf. Who authorized him to speak for them? We knew that he was interested in the blind, but we were not aware that it gave him any right to dictate to the deaf, and we decline to recognize his authority.

Mr. Wade is apparently wrought up because we made most of the fight against the assumption that "normal children" suffered by being brought up by deaf-mutes, as that was precisely what our quondam friend, Rev. Mr. Searing, testified to in court.

Mr. Wade says that the report of the trial showed clearly that the alleged bad temper and character of the father were the causes of action, and that the deafness was merely brought in to help the case along. The contrary is true. The deafness was the main point of the prosecution, as was clearly evident from the press reports here and elsewhere. It overshadowed all other points, and if the case had gone against Mr. Shaw, the one effect would have been to confirm the public, doubtless including Mr. Wade himself, in the opinion that deaf-mutes had no legal right to their children, like paupers and incompetent persons. All other points would have been lost sight of, and the results would have been most disastrous to the deaf all over the world. Officers of the law, "busybodies" and relatives would have felt justified in separating families of the deaf from their children. Mr. Shaw's personality cut but little figure in our estimation—it was the principle we were fighting for. It was spoken of everywhere as a "test case." Test of what? Test of deaf-mute parents on account of bad temper? Bosh! Any reasoning human being could see that the case hinged on the parent's deafness and less on anything else. The Judge made as much of the question of deafness as the deaf did, as his interrogatories of the hearing witnesses and his closing remarks, in which he dismissed the alleged cause of bad character from consideration, and dwelt particularly on the rights of parents to their children after having been allowed to marry, clearly and unequivocally showed.

Mr. Wade says the error of alleging deafness as the cause of the action was made by all the papers of the deaf except one, which is always fighting against windmills conjured up by its own imagination. The papers of the "hearing" made the same "error," and so did the judge on the bench. So Mr. Wade would have us think everybody made an error but himself and the paper he refers to.

"The result of this woeful blunder was shown by the improper behavior of the deaf at the trial." That is what Mr. Wade says, after the manner of Jeremiah's lamentations. I do not see where Mr. Wade got that prejudiced idea, for the deaf-mutes behaved decently enough in court, under the difficulties of being left without an interpreter at certain times. Mr. Wade is mistaken in saying that Mr. Shaw made signs to one of the witnesses on the stand. It was the witness' own wife, and from time immemorial the dear ladies have asserted their right to talk to their own spouses. It was only to add a few details to the housekeeping arrangements, that the witness, being a man, had forgotten to tell the court. Her explanation, when made on the witness stand, was satisfactory to the court, but not to the lawyers on the other side—but their dissatisfaction did not matter.

As for mobbing a clergyman, the only mob was your humble servant, who merely stepped up to Rev. Mr. Searing when the court was not in session, and made indignant protest at his attitude towards deaf parents. There was no mobbing about it, either. Mr. Wade claims that Rev. Mr. Searing had a right to express his own opinion. Granted; but he stands in a poor light, in view of the stand the most eminent men in the profession, who have known the deaf longer and better than he does, have taken on the question. In thinking as he does, should he not refuse to per-

form the marriage ceremony among the deaf? I leave it to Mr. Wade's conscience to answer this question truthfully.

Mr. Wade admits that the Judge discussed the question of deafness as bearing on the case, but claims that it was only a minor part of the discussion. Whether it was a large or small cause of the action, the deaf of Boston were justified in fighting it down. Had they allowed the case to go by default and stayed away, as Mr. Wade evidently thinks they should, the decision might have been made the other way. By their demonstrative presence in court, the Judge was doubtless impressed with the importance of the case to the deaf and decided in its broader lines.

We were not as much frenzied as Mr. Wade at long distance thinks, but admitting for the sake of argument that we were, we are in good company; for were it not for the frenzy of the barons with swords in their hands on the plains of Runnymede, they had not won the glorious Magna Charta from their recreant King John. Were not our forefathers in a fine frenzy when they threw the tea overboard, in their fight against taxation without representation?

HENRY C. WHITE.

Deaf-Mute Tortured.

Arthur Clarke, a deaf mute piano mover, told a remarkable story today in the sign language of how he had been bound and gagged in his sister's home, at No. 255 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, late last night by two burglars, who, after securing him, tortured him with the water cure in an effort to draw from him where the valuables in the apartment were hidden. Before being shackled with ropes Clarke received a blow from a bludgeon that would have killed an ordinary man. He was so stunned that his great strength did not come to him until his arms and legs were knotted with ropes.

The mute lives at No. 418 West One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Street. He left there last night to visit his sister, Mrs. Josephine Boylan, in her One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street home. Mrs. Boylan had gone to the theatre, but her brother had a key and decided to wait her return. He found a bottle of beer in the ice box and after drinking this sat down in a chair in the kitchen to read the evening paper.

While reading he fell asleep. He was slumbering deeply when two thugs who had tried the bell of the Boylan flat, which, of course, the deaf-mute could not have heard had he been awake, climbing up the fire-escape they reached the kitchen window. The window was partly open and they climbed in.

Clarke described in graphic pantomime to an Evening World reporter to-day what happened when he was aroused by a tap on the back of the head with a slungshot. He is a huge man, who whisks pianos about as if they are paper boxes. The two burglars were also powerful men, and when he fell to the floor they jumped upon him and pounded him more with the blackjack. Then, while one of the pair continued to hammer him, the other got a clothesline and wove a web of rope about his arms and legs. Then they left him to ransack the flat.

SEARCHED IN VAIN FOR MONEY.

They searched in vain, however, for the money and valuables that Mrs. Boylan had carefully hidden. Enraged at their fruitless search, they came back to the deaf-mute, who was now fully conscious and writhing desperately to free himself, and demanded to know where the money was secreted. At least Clarke believes that this was the nature of their inquiries from watching the movement of their lips.

He described to his sister with fluent finger twitches the manner in which the two thugs stood over him and fired questions at him. The mute could make no sign with hand or foot to explain that he was deaf and dumb. The burglars did not know this. Believing he was simply stubborn, they kicked him and battered his face, but not severely enough to render him unconscious.

Then one of the pair spied a funnel hanging above the kitchen tube. He brought this and a pail of water over to the prostrate mute and delivered another address of warning. When no sound came from their victim one of the thugs pried open the shackled piano-mover's mouth and inserted the spout of the funnel. Jamming the funnel in between the mute's teeth he held it firmly while his companion slowly emptied the pail of water.

Clarke suffered excruciating torture and strained his bonds until they cut through the skin and sunk into the flesh. After the first pail of water had been emptied into him one of the thugs made another long speech to the hapless man. He was purple in the face by this time and strangling from the water that had been poured into him.

HELP COMES JUST IN TIME.

Nevertheless his torturers set about forcing another pailful into

him, and had just started to spill the fluid into the funnel when they were alarmed by a pounding on the door and fled. The mute's brother-in-law, Joseph Boylan, had been late. He had his key, but the burglars had taken the precaution of bolting the door on the inside.

When Boylan found the door barred against him in that fashion he called the janitor and together they kicked it in.

They found the mute writhing in convulsions and had they not cut his bonds when they did he would have died. As it was, only his great physical strength carried him safely through the murderous torture he had been subjected to. He was hurried to Harlem Hospital, where he was brought around all right and discharged this morning—N. Y. Evening World, May 4.

St. Louis.

The Public Opinion meeting for May drew out an attentive crowd while Rev. Clond gave a review of the topics of the past month. The Home Fund Committee used the opportunity to hold a meeting, and several events were planned for the coming summer, all destined to catch the nimble dollar for the Home. The profits on the Home fund ball have reached nearly sixty dollars. The aim of the committee will be to equal or exceed this at the Home picnic to be held some time this summer.

The year's graduates of the Gallaudet School, Misses Laura Flaskamper and Jennie Susman, and Messrs. Russell Haudley and Oscar Bloch, had a photograph taken, which is to grace the front page of a daily newspaper. All four are preparing for Gallaudet and are bound to get there.

Miss Roper, one of the Gallaudet School teachers, was forced to change her boarding place for a short time, owing to an attack of measles at the latter place. At present she is staying with Mr. and Mrs. Clond.

OHIO.

Advance Society's Picnic on May 30.

THE DAY P'S CLUB'S SOCIAL.

Base Ball and Other Notes.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 908 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

May 4, 1907.—Tuesday evening the Advance Society held its regular meeting and disposed of considerable business. It will give its annual picnic May 30th, and as is usual, the place selected is at the Home. So if the weather that day permits, there will be a large crowd there. Nearby deaf are cordially invited to attend and help make the affair a success. The proceeds will be used for the benefit of the Home. The president announced the following committees:

Prize contests—Messrs. P. P. Pratt, Greener, McGragger.

Lunch—Messrs. Neutzing, McGinness, Leib, Bureham.

Peanuts and Pop corn Fritters—Messrs. Charles, Connolly, L. Miller.

Ice Cream—Messrs. Mayer, King, Showalter, Steele.

"Knock Me" Dolls—Messrs. Fred Schwartz, B. Grigsby, Goetz.

Lemonade—Messrs. and Robinson Marcha.

Coffee—Messrs. Black, H. Grigsby.

Fortune Board—Messrs. Zell, Clum.

Transportation—Messrs. A. Ohle-Macher, Zorn.

Photographs—Messrs. King, Showalter, Charles.

Mr. Schory was appointed official photographer.

The following were admitted to membership Messrs. R. P. McGregor, Ernest Zell, Sadoit Miller, Harley Goetz and A. B. Greener. Another name was proposed for membership which will receive consideration at next meeting. The membership now has reached twenty-five.

The Day P's had another of their pleasant social affairs last Saturday evening, and it was given by Mrs. Wm. Maier. Games and guessing contests were the order of the evening, and there was considerable interest displayed in getting correct answers to the questions. Miss Bessie Edgar must have been preparing for the contest, for she succeeded in carrying off two of the prizes. Lunch was served later, and it was a very tempting one prepared in Mrs. Maier's best style. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Maier, Mr. and Mrs. McEdden and daughter, Hazel, Misses Biggam Buchanan Edgar, Lamson, McGregor, Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Clum, Mr. and Mrs. Griffiths, Mrs. Albert, and Messrs. Ed. King, A. H. Schory, Fred. Schwartz and several relatives of Mrs. Maier.

The Independents played the Medical University club on the home ground Wednesday afternoon, and made up for their defeat with the Capital University. The game was interesting and really won in the second inning. Score: 6 to 4.

The Dispatch Sunday said of Kihm's playing:

"When one watches George Kihm play first base day after day, in comparison with the first baseman who come to No 1 park, one wonders why any one ever has the nerve to kick on his work. He is graceful and plays the bag as well as anybody in the minor leagues."

The Independents were to have played with the Venice Club this afternoon, but the latter could not defray the expenses, so the game was declared off.

It was announced in chapel Wednesday morning that for the rest of the term, week-day services would be held only on Tuesdays and Thursdays. This change is quite welcomed by teachers and pupils. It will afford more time to their school work, and the pupils more open air exercises.

The visiting Committee of the Ladies, Aid Society, composed of Mrs. Charles, Mrs. Joe Leib and Miss Long, were at the Home Saturday getting a list of needs for the Society's rooms, so as to have them in tip-top order, when the reunion is held. They brought back the information that another calf has been added to the stock, and has been named Bessie, after Miss Bessie Edgar. Whether the calf or Miss Edgar feels the most honored thereby, report saith not.

1330 Oak Street, Columbus, O., will know the Zell family no more, for on Tuesday of this week, they moved over to Grand View, a few miles northeast of Columbus. It is the same place where they had their summer home last year. They will have a new house built upon the lot this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Shoptshire, who have their home over in Grove City, are rejoicing in the addition

of a little daughter to their household.

Mr. August Beekert is to be back here on the 13th, to take the place for the rest of the term, of Mr. Gayman, who has resigned the position of supervisor and become Superintendent of the Bettsville, Seneca Co., Ohio Schools, in the Fall.

April 30th, Gymnasium instruction for the term closed. Mr. Ohlemacher, after a week's rest, will look after the cleaning of the school rooms.

Mr. Harry Bard was down from near Findlay this morning, on a visit to his sister, Mrs. Simon Kingry.

A number of the bindery girls are looking about for work in the city binderies, owing to a scarcity of material in the State bindery.

Through the efforts of Mrs. J. B. Showalter, who is at present living in Lima, an Advance Society has been formed in that city among the deaf. It starts out with ten members, and is officered as follows: President, Orrville Davis; Vice-president, Thos. Spencer; Secretary, Jesse Swaney; Treasurer, Ernest Thomas; Trustees, J. W. Hess and Walter Sandy.

The Pen and Pencil Club of this city is giving an exhibition of the work of its members. Mr. Ernest Zell is a member of it and has some fine landscapes in oil on exhibition.

A. B. G.

NEWBURGH.

Confirmation was administered in St. Paul's Episcopal Church yesterday afternoon, by the Rev. David Greer, Bishop Coadjutor of the New York Diocese, in the presence of a large congregation.

At 3 o'clock the Rev. Dr. John Chamberlain, general manager of the Mission for Deaf-Mutes of the Episcopal Church, held a celebration of Holy Communion for the deaf-mutes of this vicinity. This service was attended by about twenty deaf-mutes, a dozen of whom communicated. Dr. Chamberlain read the service aloud and interpreted it in sign language at the same time.

Among the young people who presented themselves for "the laying on of hands" were two deaf-mutes. The clergymen in the chancel in addition to Bishop Greer, were the Rev. Frederick E. Whitney of St. Agnes' Chapel in Baltimore, and the Rev. James Elliott, rector of St. Paul's.

After the shortened form of Evening Prayer the candidates for confirmation—nine in all—presented themselves at the chancel rail. For the benefit of the two deaf-mutes among these, Dr. Chamberlain interpreted in sign language the entire service as it was pronounced by Bishop Greer. Dr. Chamberlain also interpreted in a similar way the address of Bishop Greer to the candidates.

The Bishop's text was: "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the source of life." Bishop Greer addressed himself to the candidates directly, impressing upon them the necessity—now that they had started on the right path—to continue in that course. Confirmation, said the prelate, was only the beginning. They must keep their hearts filled with the spirit of the Holy Ghost which would strengthen them in well-doing.

The confirmation service was attended by the teachers and pupils of St. Paul's Sunday school and by many members of the congregation.

—Newburgh Daily News, April 29

DALTON, MASS.

C. S. Risley attended the funeral of his mother in New Haven, N. Y., last week. He remained in Utica, N. Y., two nights with his cousin, Hon. E. H. Risley, on Summit Place.

Several deaf-mutes are employed in the Stanley Electric Manufacturing Company, in Pittsfield, at winding wire. W. Sears and C. S. Risley, foundry; S. Small, C. Turgeon, D. Murry, and John Trainor in another department. The boss likes to have the deaf-mutes.

The shoe shop in Dalton has closed for good. Mr. Green, the owner, is going East to run another shop.

Sears and Packard have dissolved partnership in their hen business, as they say it does not pay and will sell half the hen house. Packard is preparing to leave town.

Mr. La Brock, a former pupil of the Westchester School, is employed in a planning mill in Pittsfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Small, who have been living in a flat since they sold their farm, are looking for a suitable residence to purchase in some village.

Miss Agnes Murphy, of Hinsdale, in employed in the tag department of the Bay State Mill, where Mrs. Small also is.

MAY

E. W. Frisbee's Appointments

MAY 1907.

12—10:30 A.M., St. Luke's, Portland, Me.

18—8:00 P.M., Lecture, Nashua, N. H.

19—10:45 A.M., Morning Service, Church of the Good Shepherd, Nashua, N. H.

26—3:30 All Saints', Worcester, Mass.

Edwin W. FRISBEE, Missionary.

INDIANA.

Indiana Agency of DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, 320 Blake Street, Indianapolis. News items and subscriptions solicited. A. H. NORRIS, Agent.

Greater Indianapolis is proving a greater attraction than ever this season. The Sunday excursions have just begun running, and the crowds they bring to the city are greater than ever before at this season. The deaf are coming in greater numbers also. Last Sunday there were at least fifty of them from other places visiting friends or sightseeing in the city.

The largest delegation came from Elkhart County. Led by Henry D. Miller and wife, the following composed the party: Wm. D. Markley and wife, Wm. D. Miller and wife, Elias P. Cripe, John W. Priestly, Fletcher Sackett, Chas. E. Neff, James Beshore and Howard Beshore.

Others we met were Fred Looney, of the universe in general, Michigan City at present, Harry Draves, of Laporte; Ed. Dean, of Spencer; Omer Flagg, of Plymouth and Edward Bacheberle, of Cincinnati.

Others who have been in town recently are: Ed. Leach and wife, of Fairmount; Mrs. Lela Dawson, of Westfield, and Alonzo James, of Alexandria.

John W. Priestley, of Goshen, holds an enviable position with the Banta Furniture Company, of that city. He has by constant endeavor completely won the confidence of his employers and is now in position to offer employment to one or two married deaf cabinet-makers of good character.

Mr. Bacheberle, of Cincinnati, informs us that after many delays from unexpected causes, he is now about ready to issue his long expected directory of the deaf. He has not said so, but we opine the greatest cause of delay has been the task of appeasing a very large head of individuals who always insist on a two column, half-page illustrated write-up of their own achievements, whether they have done anything worth while or not. However, we think that Mr. Bacheberle's directory will fill a long-felt want in many quarters.

George Arnot is now rooming with Mr. and Mrs. George A. Grubbs, in Arsenal Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. James Leary have moved to a house on Dorman Street that is more convenient for Jim, who has quit the shoe shop and is now working for the Premier Auto Co.

Wm. Hummel is a new resident of the metropolis, having secured employment with the Indianapolis Brush Co.

Ed. Dean, of Spencer, has sure got the excursion fever bad this year. He has been seen in the city every Sunday since the season opened.

The Riverside Amusement Company opened on April 27th. "White City" followed suit, on May 14th, and "Wonderland" will open on May 11th. Now, come along, if you want to get rid of a few dimes.

Alfred E. Arnot, an Indiana product, now of Milwaukee, writes that he is doing well and can't possibly get along without the JOURNAL. We are always glad to hear from Hoosiers abroad, and make special effort to keep our column in the JOURNAL up to the standard they appreciate most.

The Marsden-Helfrich mix-up concerning which we have made comment, lately has resolved itself into the following: Mr. and Mrs. Marsden were divorced at Richmond, Mr. and Mrs. Helfrich were divorced at Goshen, and finally Mr. Marsden and Mrs. Helfrich were married in Covington, Ky.

ELKHART

Mr. Wm. D. Markley, of Shipshewanna, and Wm. D. Miller, of Middleburg, each bought a new brand of top buggies last week.

Earl Gowker has put a new coat of blue paint on his motor-cycle. He says it is his best companion, since the Borton Furniture manufacturing company have made another addition to their plant.

John W. Priestly, of Goshen, desires to have a married couple to come and live in Goshen and work with him.

William Keedy of the county poor house has been making a visit among the deaf-mutes since April 16th. At present he is with Mr. Chas. E. Neff, of Bristol.

The April C. E. meeting was held at Mr. and Mrs. John W. Priestly's, in Goshen, on the 20th. There were twenty mutes attending it. Mr. Asbury Arnot, of South Bend, one of the exhorters for the Methodist Church, helped the meeting.

His subject was "Be thou faithful unto the end and I will give thee the crown of life." The subject of Henry D. Miller was about sowing and reaping, quoting from Galatians 6:7-9. Masters Henry D. Miller, Frank Hayes, and John Priestly each sang beautiful songs. Mr. Thos. Hainline, of Elkhart, helped by giving some interesting talk, which was appreciated very much.

The next meeting will be at Mrs.

Cadiac Berryman's, in Elkhart, May 19th. This society extends an invitation to Rev. Rutherford, of Chicago, to preach at this meeting, if everything goes right with Rev. Hastenstab.

Those in attendance were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Hainline, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hayes, Mrs. Cadiac Berryman, of Elkhart, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. Markley, of Shipshewanna, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. D. and Mr. and Mrs. Henry D. Miller, of Middleburg, Chas. E. Neff, of Bristol, Fletcher Sackett, of Ligonier, and Elias P. Cripe, Earl Gowker, and Wm. Keedy, besides Mr. and Mrs. John Priestly.

AN INVITATION.

The Minnesota Association of the Deaf is to hold a Convention in St. Paul, Minn., September 4th to 7th, both inclusive.

The Association extends to its friends in other States a most cordial invitation to be present and partake of its hospitality.

For the entertainment of its guests the Local Committee in St. Paul has already raised several hundred dollars and is increasing its entertainment fund.

September weather in Minnesota is most delightful, and the neighborhood of the Twin Cities offers a great variety of pleasure resorts. This Convention is to be given over to having a good time.

The opening meeting Wednesday evening will be addressed by a number of the foremost men of the State of Minnesota. These men will do about all of the speechifying that the convention will see. After that it will be "Salute your partner," "Allamen left," "Swing!" Come one, come all.

For accommodations address Mr. Anton Schroeder, 873 Dayton Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.

JAY COOKE HOWARD, President Duluth, Minn.

May 4, 1907.

Deaf Free Masons.

Referring to an article in the May number of the *Silent Worker*, relating to a deaf-mute being admitted to Masonic circles, Leo Greis, whose father was an old-time past master of the order, wishes to say that no deaf person has ever been accepted as Free Mason. Though, if you are one, and lose your hearing afterwards, you remain one. Though no such case seems to be on record, excepting losing the hearing through old age.

The fact that Miss Anna L. McGowan was admitted to a ladies' branch, means only that she was admitted to a ladies' Social Lodge, a branch lodge of the wives and daughters of Masons. But no woman is ever admitted to a bona fide meeting of Masons, or initiated as such. Any one is admitted in Masonic circles at social gatherings.

LEO GREIS.

7 St. CHARLES PLACE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday at 3:15 P.M.

May 19th, Whitsunday, Holy Communion.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday at 3 P.M.

May 5th, Holy Communion.

MAY 12TH.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. Y., 3 P.M. Holy Communion.

MAY 19TH.

St. Paul's Church, Paterson, N. J., 10:30 A.M.

Trinity Church, Newark, N. J., 3 P.M.

MAY 26TH.

St. Peter's Church, Port Chester, 10:30 A.M. Holy Communion.

Gallaudet Home, 10 A.M.

Church of the Good Shepherd, Newburgh, 3:30 P.M.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services on Sundays in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of

REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

Cards are out announcing the marriage of Miss Ella Cora Reed to Wallace C. Cook, of Asbury Park, N. J., on Wednesday, May 1st.

PHILADELPHIA.

The Bazaar Profits Half a Thousand.

REV. DR. HULSE TALKS TO THE DEAF.

Minor Matters.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1838 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

It is a pleasure to state that the success of All Souls' recent bazaar in aid of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf was a much greater had been expected. The original intention was to raise a few hundred dollars, as All Souls' Church's contribution to the worthy charity, to enable the Trustees to provide an additional bath-room in the Home, which is one of its most pressing needs now. The sum of three hundred dollars was thought ample for this purpose, and so the arrangements were made with that end in view in scarcely three weeks' time, and the result, as stated, has been so gratifying that it is possible to make the needed improvement and leave a good balance for other needs of the Home.

The exact sum realized from the bazaar is still unknown, but it is believed that it will reach over five hundred dollars (\$500) when all the collections shall have been made.

A description of the bazaar would consume so much space that we shall forego it this time.

Rev. Mr. Dantzer is greatly pleased with the outcome of the affair, and during service on Sunday, April 28th, thanked all who helped in any way, without giving names, and we may well follow his example and say that all should feel proud and happy over the success achieved in so short a time. The consciousness of having done a duty should give every one pleasure. All Souls' Church is to be congratulated upon the good work of its people for the Home.

Prevented by deafness from hearing the approach of a trolley car, James Glentworth, thirty-eight years old, of Sharon Hill, Pa., was run down by a west-bound Market Street car at 34th and Market Streets, at 9:30 last night, and suffered serious lacerations of the head and body. He was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital.

The *Evening Bulletin* reported the above last week. The victim is probably only a partially deaf person and not a deaf mute.

Saturday evening, May 4th, at All Souls' Church, Rev. Mr. Hulse, of New York, and Mr. Morris Earle, of this city, addressed a large meeting of deaf men in the interest of the Missionary Thank Offering movement. Dr. Crouter interpreted both addresses, which were instructive, inspiring, and well appreciated. A good many ladies attended the meeting, afterwards giving their services in serving luncheon. An enjoyable social evening was thus passed, and a good sum was added to the offering fund, which now amounts to \$75.

By invitation of Mr. Morris Earle, forty-one deaf men attended a service in Holy Trinity Church, 19th and Walnut Streets, on Sunday morning, May 5th. At this service George Wharton Pepper, Esq., and the Rev. Mr. Hulse made eloquent and forceful addresses in the cause of the Missionary Thank-offering, which were interpreted for the deaf by Dr. Crouter. Rev. Dr. Tompkins, Rector of Holy Trinity, had previously announced the presence of the deaf visitors and gave them a glad welcome. It was indeed a great pleasure to attend this service, a privilege so seldom enjoyed because of the scarcity or interpreters here, and the impress it made upon us is one that can not soon be effaced. We thank Dr. Tompkins, Mr. Earle and Dr. Crouter for the opportunity of enjoying this service.

On Thursday evening, 9th of May, a service will be held in All Souls' Church on account of Ascension Day. There will be no meeting of the Cleric Literary Association.

The Philadelphia Local Branch of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf will give an entertainment in All Souls' Hall next Saturday evening. Admission will be ten cents, the proceeds being for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf.

John Q. Hahn and his brother, William, have left their city home, which they occupied for about thirty years, and gone to live with their married brother, Thomas, in Doylestown, Chesbro County.

Washington Houston passed the sixty-first milestone of his life last Friday, 3d of this month, and was remembered with souvenir cards by a number of friends, whom he thanks. Washington looks much younger than he is.

John VanKirk, William A. Arnold, and William Fernekes, all of Allentown, were among the Sunday

visitors to All Souls'. They came on a special excursion train.

Other visitors to All Souls' were Warren McCready, of Summit Hill, Pa., and John Botzum, of Reading.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Ormond visited a sister in Chester over Sunday.

Mr. Wallace Cook and Miss Ella Cora Reed have announced their marriage, which took place on Wednesday, the first day of May, 1907, at Asbury Park, N. J. They will be at home at 2306 North 10th Street, this city. We extend the couple our hearty congratulations.

The Golden Rule

"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

The Golden Rule may be said to have existed always, and to be a part of all religions. Sixteen hundred years before the birth of Jesus, there ran an Egyptian vale to the dead: "He sought for others the good he desired for himself. Let him pass on."

A century later than this—thirty-four hundred years away from the present—when the Hindu Kingdoms were being established along the Ganges, it was written: "The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own."

The Greeks in 1070 B.C., came yet nearer the wording of Jesus, with: "Do not that to thy neighbor which thee would take ill from him."

The books and scrolls of the Hebrew law taught the truth. In a time-stained parchment, believed to have been inscribed first some twenty-five hundred years ago, is to be read: "Whatsoever you do not wish your neighbor to do to you, do not that to him." And to strengthen this, the teachers of 600 B.C., added immediately: "This is the whole law. The rest is mere exposition of it."

Confucius in 551 B.C., advised: "What you would not wish done to yourself do not unto others." At the first Buddhist Council, held at Rajagriha in 477 B.C., the scribes almost duplicated the advice of Egypt's priests, writing: "One should seek for others the happiness one desires for oneself."

A century and a half before Christ the law of Rome once more repeated the theme: "The law imprinted on the hearts of all men is to love the members of society as themselves."

It is practically certain that no land which has at any time laid claim to a more or less true form of civilization has omitted some phrasing of this basic ethical teaching from its moral or civil philosophy. When Alexander of Macedon marched into Persia in 334 B.C., did he not find there before him the most usual of all these closely paralleled formulae?

"Do as you would be done by," ran the Joroastrain precept.

Finally, Mohammed gave yet another expression to it, for the Koran instructs: "Let none of you treat his brother in a way he himself would dislike to be treated."

St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis.

Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.

Rev. J. H. CLOUD, Minister, 2006 Virginia Avenue.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.

Sunday School at 10 A.M.

Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

BUFFALO.

Services for the Deaf, consisting of Sermon and Benediction, will be held at the Chapel, 125 Edward Street, at 4:30 P.M., on the following Sundays, (Every two weeks): Apr.—14, 28. May—5, 19. June—2, 16.

You are cordially invited to attend regularly.

REV. P. S. GILMORE.

Notice to Societies

Please send, before June 30, 1907, the name of your society, in every city in the United States and Canada, for insertion in a directory of societies of the Deaf, to—

MORRIS SCHOENFELD,

2027—7th Ave., N. Y. City.

A son was born, April 23d, unto Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln Thompson, of Hunt, N. Y. Mrs. Lincoln Thompson was formerly Miss Emma Larson, of Yankers. He will be named Abraham Lincoln.

Fret Not Thyself

I do not know what brings the sigh When everything goes wrong; But when I feel His presence nigh, My heart breathes out a song.

I sometimes ask why all this pain Is given me to bear; But He who sends the clouds and rain Sends, too, the sunshine fair.

I cannot understand His plans He has laid out for me; But when I see those nail-pierced hands My soul is filled with ecstasy.

The burden lightens as I think Of Him who trod this way; And sweet becomes the cup I drink, And night turns into day.

—B. W. T., in *Deaf Carolinian*.

NEW YORK.

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

Sunday, April 28th, at 8 P.M., under the auspices of the Brooklyn De l'Epee Society, an Apron and Necktie Social was observed in the Knights of Columbus Institute. The affair was a big success and was in charge of Vallely, Murray, O'Donnell, Lynch and Baeagalupo. The prizes were valuable and beautiful and were awarded to: Mrs. Peter Reddington, Miss Morris, Miss Lillian Cerney, Miss Mamie Kucks, Mr. J. J. O'Donnell, Joseph Schmidt and Barnet Zwoffe.

Every Catholic mute of Brooklyn is invited to become a member of the Brooklyn De l'Epee Society. Its object is to better our condition in religious and social matters. The society holds meetings every 4th Sunday of each month. The officers are Rev. Fr. McCarthy, Spiritual Director; James E. Gaffney, President; and Thomas H. Melody, Secretary.

The members of the class recently confirmed at St. Ann's Church were pleasantly entertained by the Rev. and Mrs. Chamberlain at their residence, Friday evening, May 3d. Games and social conversation whiled away a pleasant evening, and toward the close light refreshments were served.

The social evening in the Guild Rooms, last Tuesday, was not largely attended, but the forty or more who were present had an enjoyable time. The committee, no doubt, did its best, but something more enliven

